



Class of '72 Yearbook



Roxbury
Latin
School

101 St. Theresa Ave.
West Roxbury, Mass.



THE COMMONWEALTH OF FAT CITY

BY US,
THE CLASS OF 1972

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, one Warden Dilworth, as mayor of Fat City, has rendered manifest the utmost of truth, beauty and knowledge to members of said city, and

WHEREAS, he being a relentless lacrosse coach, an accomplished debater, an inspiring college counselor, and a quick ticket to Northwestern Louisiana Presbyterian Teachers University, and

WHEREAS, the Class of 1972 has taken due notice of his various accomplishments and contributions; therefore, in appreciation, and demonstrating our good will, we do hereby dedicate this yearbook to him, and in addition, we proclaim April 15 as

***WARDEN DILWORTH DAY ***

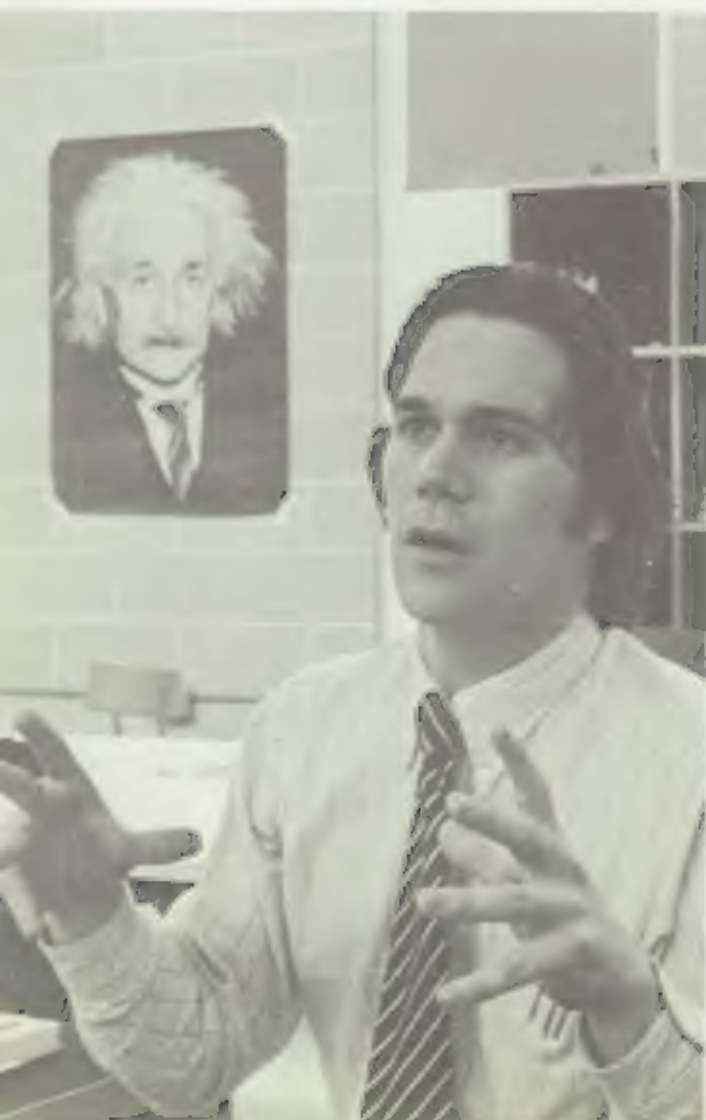
and urge the nits of Fat City to take cognizance of this event and to particiapte fittingly in its observance.

The Class of 1972

God Save Fat City



DEDICATION



Man of the world, can't you see . . . maintenance of interest and looking toward God . . . it's all in his face. "Come and see the one and only friend of every one . . . the beautiful mother's son and the favorite of the King."

. . . the smile that peeks through the subtle shyness and a word to bring upon a happy face . . . Mr. Ryan, an eighth grade baseball coach, slow stepping and smiling, and not to be thought of before three o'clock.

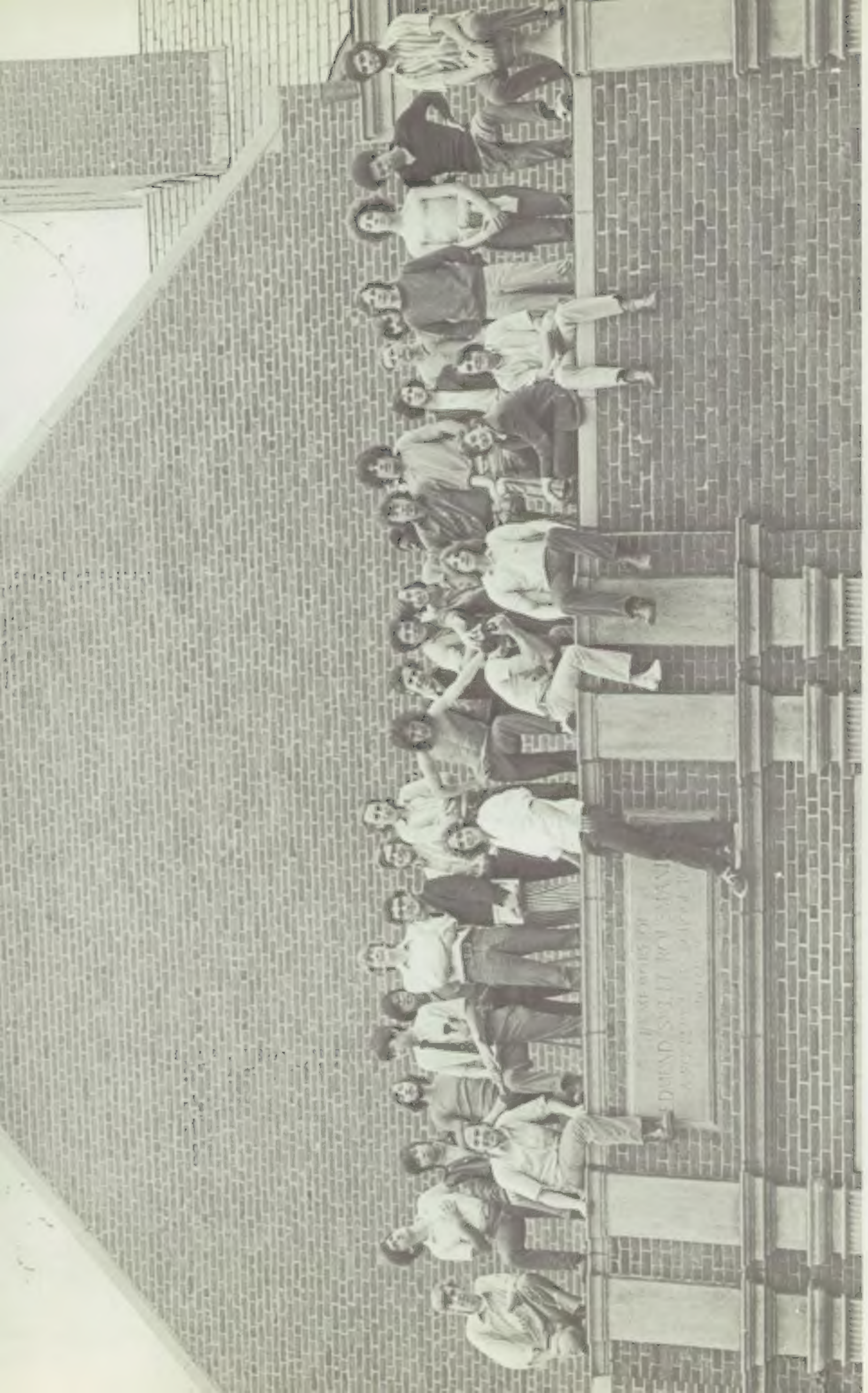
"Now the lad's come a bit further, hasn't he boys."

King, Coach, and teacher (intellectual preacher), and compliment seeker (pink plaid pants and a mod hair-do, and his dashing style) . . . ooh . . . We, then, compliment you Sir, from the flea patch to the faculty room in grand style, and WE saw it all.

You are a bit of a communication bridge and a completely unique experience . . .

THANK YOU.





THE CLASS OF '72

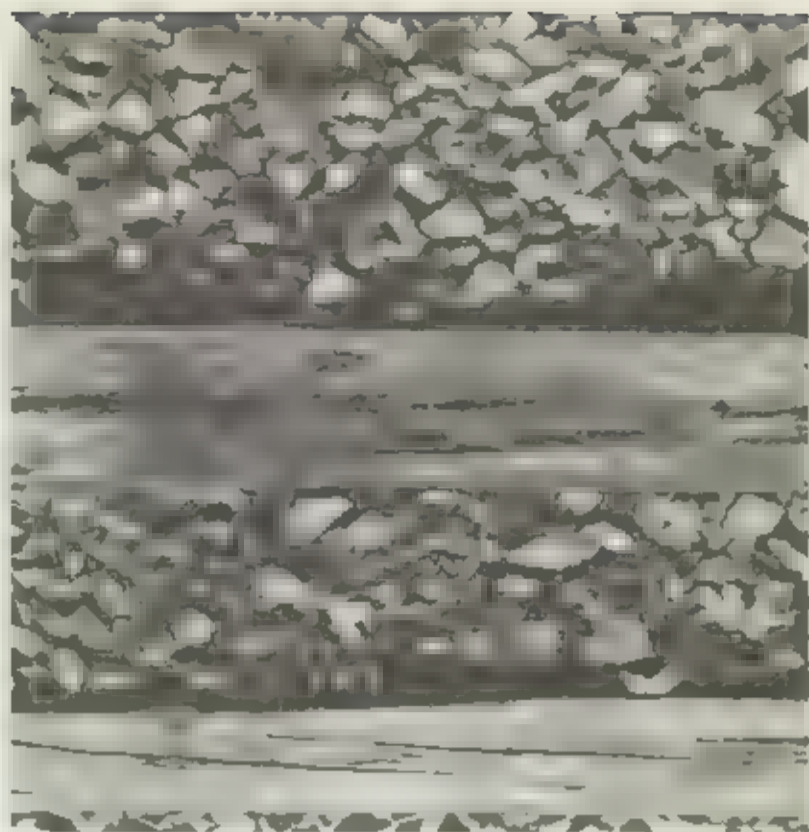
Frederick W. Arscott



One of the few blessings of living in an age of anxiety is that we are forced to become aware of ourselves. When our society, in its time of upheaval and values, can give us no clear picture of "what we are and what we ought to be," we are thrown back on the search for ourselves. The painful insecurity on all sides gives us new incentive to ask, is there perhaps some important source of guidance and strength we have overlooked?

— Rollo May







Lawrence
Arthur
Backman





Andrew W. Bender



Walter J.
Berry



People think
that just because you
are a cat
you are not
interested in
the finer things
of life
but they are wrong
we are very fond
of music

The tidal sweep of the Atlantic
 Encloses the wonders of eons
 to the eye dissembling:
 Dark, surging, sparkling, thrashing
 Awesome and fearful, yet serene,
 With ethereal quality too . . .
 As gold and rose sun's rays, setting
 illuminate the swelling, snowy,
 mountainous clouds, a towering rift
 In the darkening heavens
 violently seamed and sundered by
 The unbounded and snakelike energy
 of a late afternoon thunderstorm.



Peter A. Boling

"If a man does not keep pace
 with his companions, perhaps it is because
 he hears a different drummer.
 Let him step to the music which he hears,
 However measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



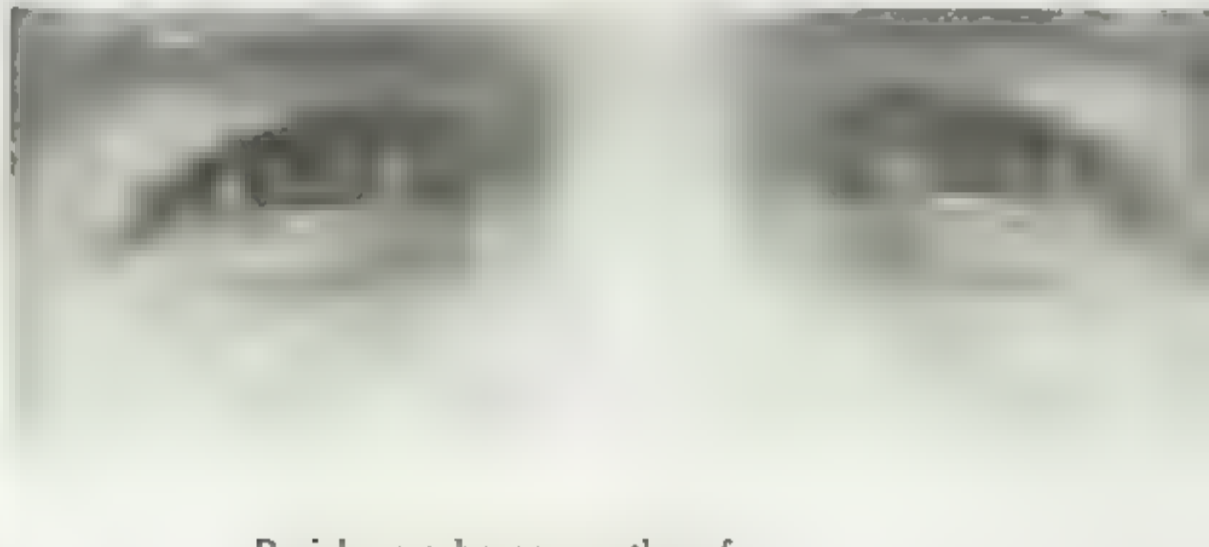


Reach out and experience the
endless fathoms of compromise
(An invitation to the wise)

Can't you see the presence
of present being as a being
has been.
Follow the sheer equality in
cashmere quality that lay
beneath the living
and precisely

"What is life?"

. . . the mere by product of death
and concept, perception dealt
with only a material
basis . . . LARK.



Perish as a being worthy of
thought and of words, which
are meaningless come the end.

Meaning in life is the process
of the devil who justified
his being in the fact
that, indeed he is evil . . .
indeed he is dead.

Submerge, emerge, converge

Blue black banquet that
happened for the master
of evil . . . only Lucifer has
deemed us as being.

in captivity by your
eyes . . . that gave to me
the ability to be.



Richard



“And then and again I was
feeling so very sad . . .
among the company of all
of me . . . my several different
selves . . . and somewhere
among them was the WIZARD
OF WILE . . . I wanted to call
on him that day . . . but the
clever master of disguise
was nowhere to be found . . .”

Charles Philip Curley



Don't get mad —
get even.

Irish Proverb



If a single man plants himself on his convictions and there abides; the huge world will come round to him.

Emerson

Only those who dare to fail greatly, can ever achieve greatly.

RFK



As every past generation has had to disenthral itself from an inheritance of truisms and stereotypes, so in our own time we must move on from the reassuring repetition of stale phrases to a new, difficult, but essential confrontation with reality. For the great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie — deliberate, contrived, and dishonest — but the myth — persistent, persuasive, and unrealistic. Too often we hold fast to the cliches of our forebears. We subject all facts to a prefabricated set of interpretations. We enjoy the comfort of opinion without the discomfort of thought.

John F. Kennedy



But a careful line must be drawn between a change for a better and a change for the sake of change. There is talk that the pendulum of change is about to swing back; that is good. I feel that it is time for the school to remember its goals (or determine new ones), stabilize itself, and evaluate the past before looking towards future changes. As Confucius said, "study the past if you would divine the future."

Only bores are bored.
Will Saroyan



I will find
a way or make one.

Hannibal

Charles Philip Curley!

President McGovern '72

Nations borrow millions for war; no nation has ever borrowed largely for education. Probably no nation is rich enough to pay for both war and civilization. We must make our choice. We cannot have both.

A. Flexner



President McGovern '72

Here's my hand.
And mine with my heart
in't.
And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

The Tempest
Shakespeare



Out of focus as usual

William Collatos



Such is life.

Scholae Latinae Roxburgiensis

In re publica Massachusetts, nos

18 25 18 18 18

Minibus ad quos hac literae pervenerint salutem

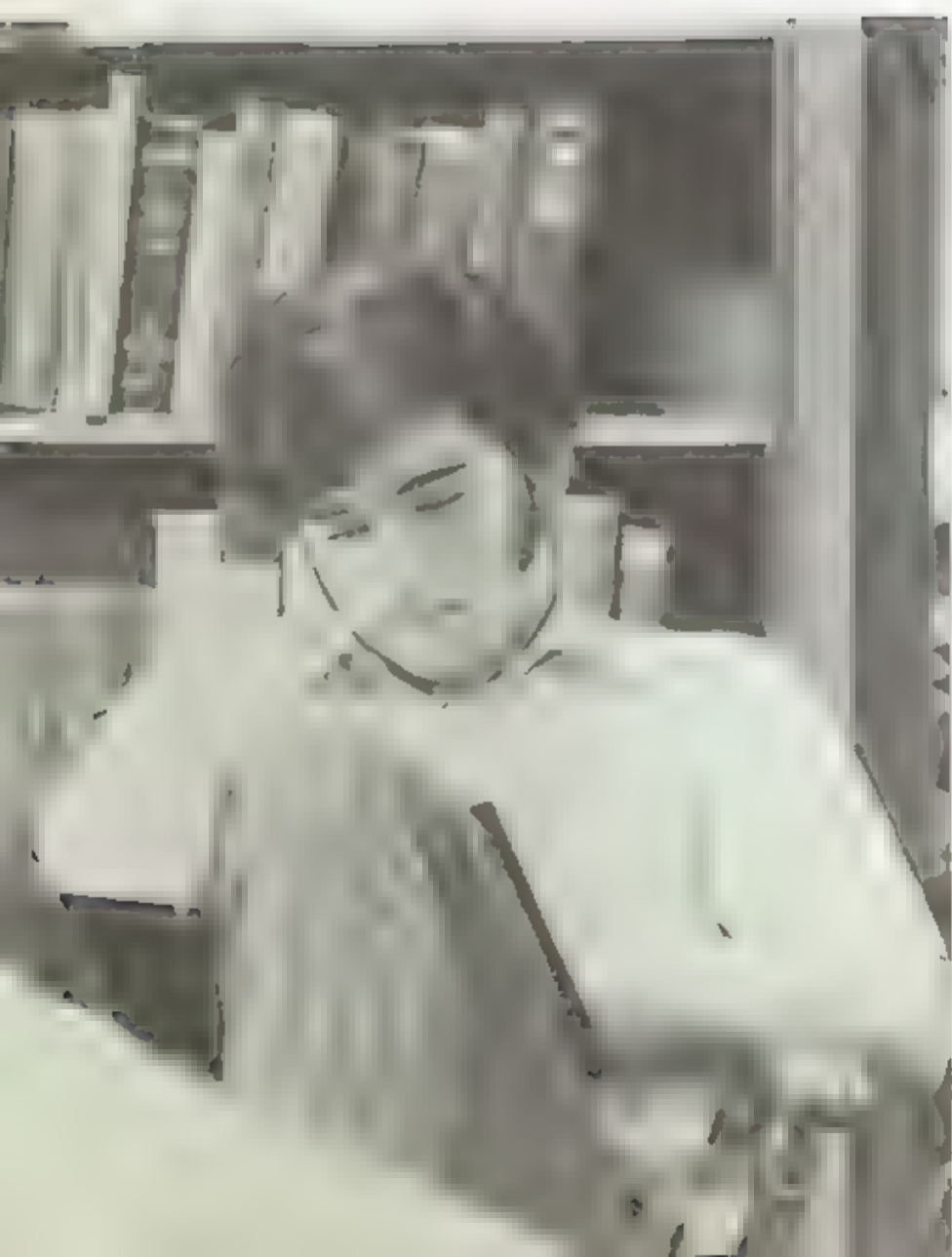
NOTUM SIT

quod William Peter Collatos studiorum
curriculum a nobis prolatum bene ac fideliter conficit
In quo rei documentum hoc diploma tribuendum curavimus
Datum, Bostoniae die X Junii 1892

Richard May, D.D.
Walter

Henry P. Nichols
Superintendent

David W. Lewis



The trick, of course, is not to
be derailed by becoming in-
volved with an experience
rather than with a person.



Dennis
S.
France





Robert L.
Don



Six years is a long time to spend in one school. After a while, you really get a feeling for it. The red brick walls radiate with a certain character. Every wall, door, and room becomes a part of you.

The school changed a lot in my six years. I changed with it, and perhaps for that I can be grateful. I've gained a lot from the school and I hope that in some small way, the school gained something from me.



Love SS



Edward
R.
Gates



John Vincent Gandolfo



**"In moderation omnia in excessu nihil."
Jean de la Fontaine**

Quand, dans la courant des evenements humains, il devient necessaire a quitter le lycee et avancer a l'universite, on a des emotions mixtes. On veut exprimer ses remerciements a tout qui l'ont aide pendant sa carriere academique. On sent triste parce qu'on dit au revoir a l'endroit ou on a passe six annees de sa vie. On sent fier a cause du fait qu'on avance dans le monde. On ne peut pas se souvenir de toutes les choses, bonnes et mauvaises, qui se sont passes. Seulement les clous des annees sont rappelles, le grand accomplissement academique, ou la perte du championnat de baseball. **Quelle nostalgie.**

Nunc, grates magistris meis tutis dandae sunt. Ex eis, Gulielmi Bivensii Ricardi Witnei, Gulielmi Talli, M. Philbricki Bridgessique mentionem facere volo. Magistro Bivensio propter multas horas de Latina delectanda, et Magistro Witneio, propter multas horas de scientia provocanda, gratias agere volo. Aatem duo ceteri specialiter laudandi sunt. Magister Tallis linguam Gallicam optime instituit, et quaestiones discipulorum comprehendit. Semper promptus est cum discipulis colloqui. Magnus amicus est. Magister Bridgessas potestatem facere res difficiles videri faciles habuit. Discipuli sui, magnopere laborantes, hortatu affabilitateque sensuque executionis remunerati sunt. Observatus a discipulis et magistris pariter, impossibilis erit eum reponere. Schola Latina Roxburiensis magistrum praestantissimum perdidit. Utinam sint alius ei similis.

Schola sex annos magnopere mutata est. Commutatio bona est, sed lenis esse opus est. Mutatio rapida esse letalis potest. Libra permutationis stabilitatisque tenenda est. Aliter, calamitatem aspicit.

Good luck to all of the members of the class of '72.



Raymond W. Gibbs

But always kiss the angels,
then change your hands and
dosey-do . . .

R. WELDON GIBBS II



“La condition humaine, les projets de l’homme, la collaboration entre les hommes pour des tâches qui augmentent la totalité de l’homme sont des problèmes neufs qui exigent de véritables inventions . . .

. . . Donc camarades, ne payons pas de tribut à l’Europe en créant des états, des institutions et des sociétés qui s’en inspirent.

L’humanité attend autre chose de nous que cette imitation caricaturale et dans l’ensemble obscène.

Si nous voulons transformer l’Afrique en une nouvelle Europe, l’Amérique en une nouvelle Europe, alors confions à des Européens les destinées de nos pays. Ils sauront mieux faire que les mieux doués d’entre nous.

Mais si nous voulons que l’humanité avance d’un cran, si nous voulons la porter à un niveau différent de celui où l’Europe l’a manifestée, alors, il faut inventer, il faut découvrir.

Si nous voulons répondre à l’attente de nos peuples, il faut chercher ailleurs qu’en Europe.

Davantage, si nous voulons répondre à l’attente des Européens, il ne faut pas leur renvoyer une image, même idéal, de leur société et de leur pensée pour lesquelles ils éprouvent épisodiquement une immense nausée.

Pour l’Europe, pour nous-mêmes et pour l’humanité, camarades, il faut faire peau neuve, développer une pensée neuve, tenter de mettre sur pied un homme neuf.”

James
Wesley
Hill





Paul S. Harrigan





Gregory John Jackmauh



To ask or search I blame thee not; for
Heaven is the Book of God before thee set.
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and
Learn his seasons, hours, days, or months,
Or years. This to attain, whether heaven
Move or Earth imports not, if thou reckon
Right; the rest from Man or Angel the great
Architect did well to conceal, and not
Divulge his secrets, to be scanned, by them
Who ought rather admire. Or, if they list
To try conjecture, he his fabric of the
Heavens hath left to their disputes — Perhaps to
move his laughter at their quaint
Opinions wide, Hereafter, when they come
To model Heaven and calculate the stars.

Paradise Lost.



Ugly and futile: lean neck and tangled hair and a stain of ink, a snail's bed. Yet someone had loved him, borne him in her arms and in her heart. But for her the race of the world would have trampled him under foot, a squashed boneless snail . . . He was no more the trembling skeleton of a twig burnt in the fire. She had saved him from being trampled underfoot and had gone, scarcely having been. On a heath beneath winking stars a fox, red, reek of rapine in his fur, with merciless bright eyes scraped in the earth, listened, scraped up the earth, listened, scraped and scraped.

Dave John





All substances are part of my consciousness. In actual fact this consciousness is Vacuous, Unceasing and Unborn. Realization of the unborn, the Unbecome, the Unmade, the Unformed, the Voidness, implies Perfect Enlightenment, as it were. Consequently, the question arises, "What am I doing *here*?" To which I reply, "Even a broken watch has the right time two times a day."

Charles David Lee

The chill of Death
As she clutched my hand
I knew she was coming
So I stood like a man
She drew up closer
Close enough for me to look
Into her face
And then I began to wonder
Hadn't I seen her some other place

She beckoned for me to come closer
As if to pay an old debt
I knew what she wanted
It wasn't quite time yet
She threw her arms about me
As many women had done before
I heard her whisper
"You'll never cheat me,
never anymore . . ."



Stephen N. Harrison -



Time it is
 and what time it is,
 it is S. .
 a time of innocence
 a time of confidence
 long ago . it must be
 I have a lot of it .
 Please you . I'm sure,
 they're all in it . you .





Ronald A. Lake

Creating and re-creating,
every instant is a new beginning.



Know Thyself.



Mortui Vivos Docent

Whereas is was will and
 is will be was;
 is was was
 and is will be will.
 So: all is was is will
 is was will is was
 will will was was is.
 Is was becoming.
 Is will become.
 Is is becoming.
 Is isn't?
 Is is.

What does this mean?

Of course, this meaning depends
 on the meaning of meaning, but
 the meaning of meaning means
 what it means following from
 what means means; meaning
 that what means means means
 what meaning meaning means.



See you later
 take it easy





Whenever one may wander
— he continues to find the
challenges of humanity
confronting him — and the
serenity of peace in the
background, awaiting to be
discovered.

Claude B. Levesque

Isn't it a pity, Isn't it a shame.
How we break each other's hearts, and
cause each other pain
How we take each other's love, without
thinking anymore
Forgetting to give back
Isn't it a pity

Some things take so long, but how do I
explain?
When not too many people can see we're
all the same
And because of all their tears, their eyes
can't hope to see
The beauty that surrounds them -- Oh
Isn't it a pity.

— George Harrison



I resist anything better than
my own adversity,
Breathe the air but leave
plenty after me.
And am not stuck up, and am
in my place.

— Walt Whitman



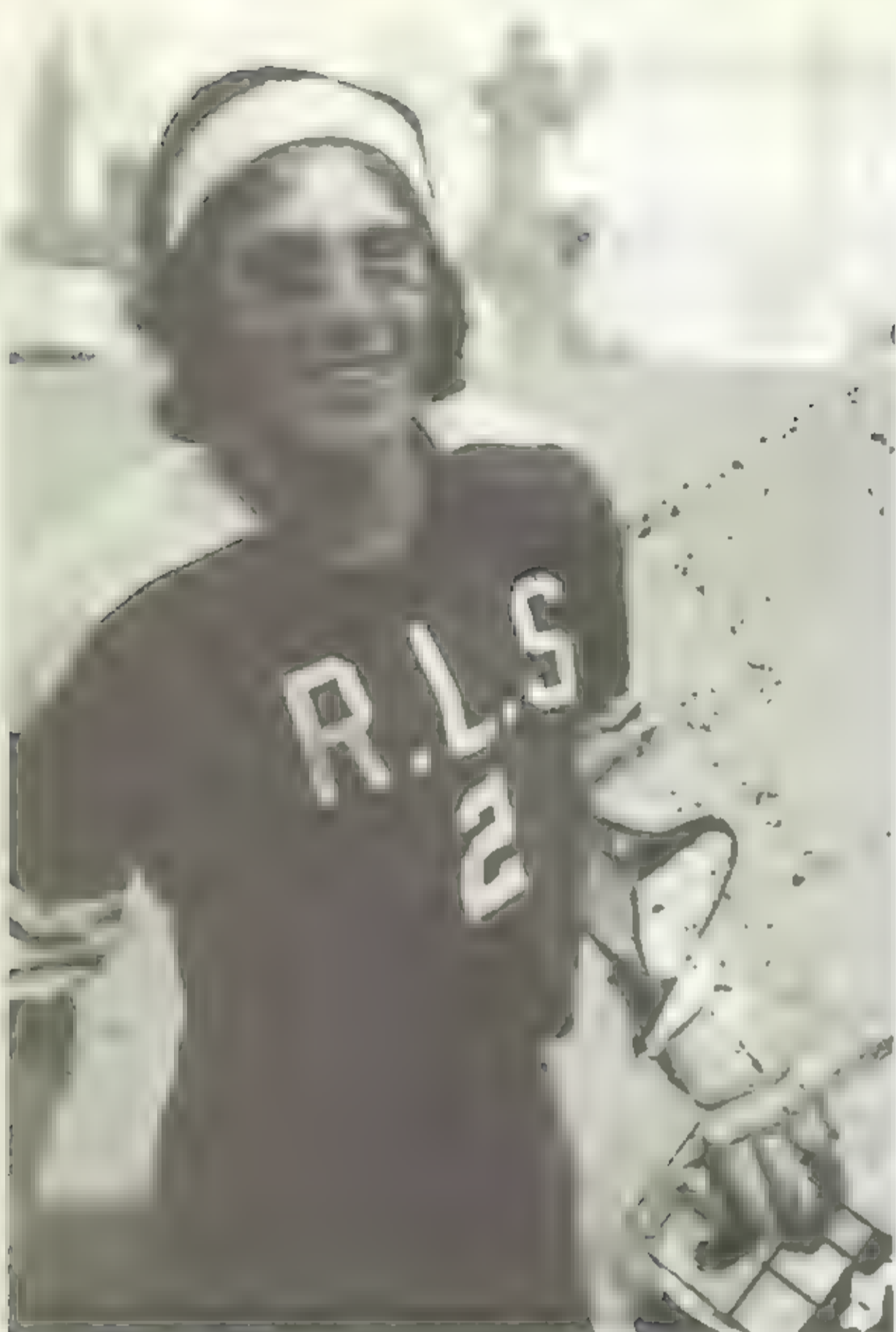
I wish to thank all of those people who, in one way or another, contributed something to, this yearbook. However small that something may be, you are still part of this book, and therefore in the memories of many.

My personal thanks go to the photographers, who gave unselfishly of their time, and most of all, my thanks must be directed to Peter Boling, Tom McGillicuddy, and Dave Modest, who carried on the yearbook collation after my departure to Maine for the summer.

— Claude B. Levesque,

I witness, and wait . . .

— Walt Whitman



David

Lewis



Firestone



Robert
Frederick
Maloof



My pappy said son
you gonna drive me
to drinkin' if you don't
stop drivin' that

Hot Rod Lincoln





An electron, initially at rest, accelerates in an electric field and acquires kinetic energy equal to the product of its charge and the potential difference through which it moves; $mv^2/2=qV$ If the electron with velocity v then moves through a uniform magnetic field perpendicular to its direction of motion, the field exerts a centripetal force perpendicular to the electron's motion and the direction of the field. This force depends on the magnetic field strength B the charge of the electron, and its speed; $F=Bqv$. The electron will follow a circular path of radius R given by $F=mv^2/R$. Equating the two expressions for the magnetic force, $F=Bqv$ and $F=mv^2/R$ gives:

$$v = \frac{BqR}{m} \text{ or } v = \frac{B^2 q^2 R^2}{m^2} \text{ SO: } m = \frac{B^2 q R^2}{2V}$$

$$\frac{\left(\frac{\text{nt. sec}}{\text{elem chg-m}} \right)^2 \left(\text{elem chg} \right) \left(\text{m} \right)^2}{\frac{\text{joules}}{\text{elem chg}}} \times 10^3 = 80$$



In Vino
Veritas

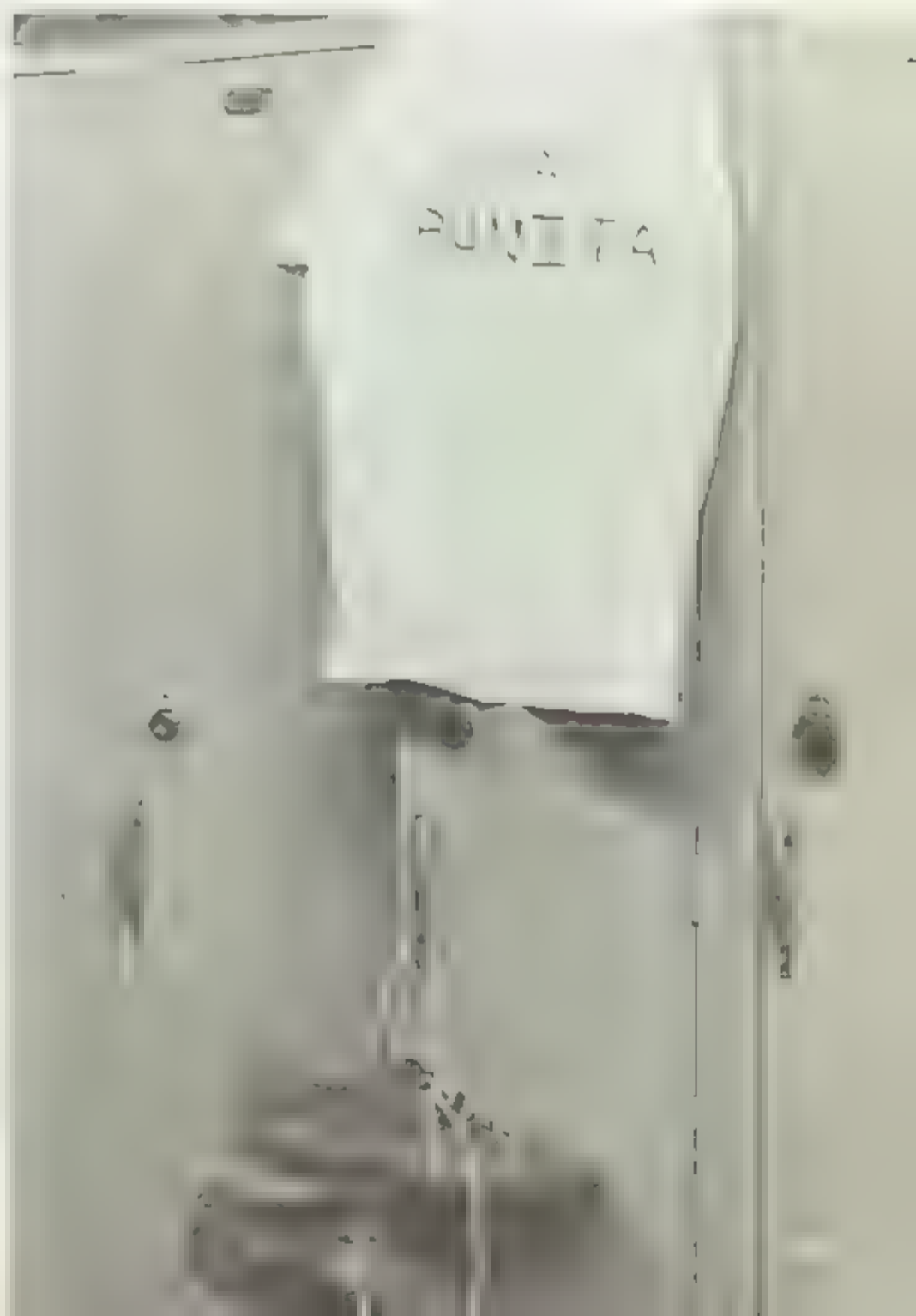
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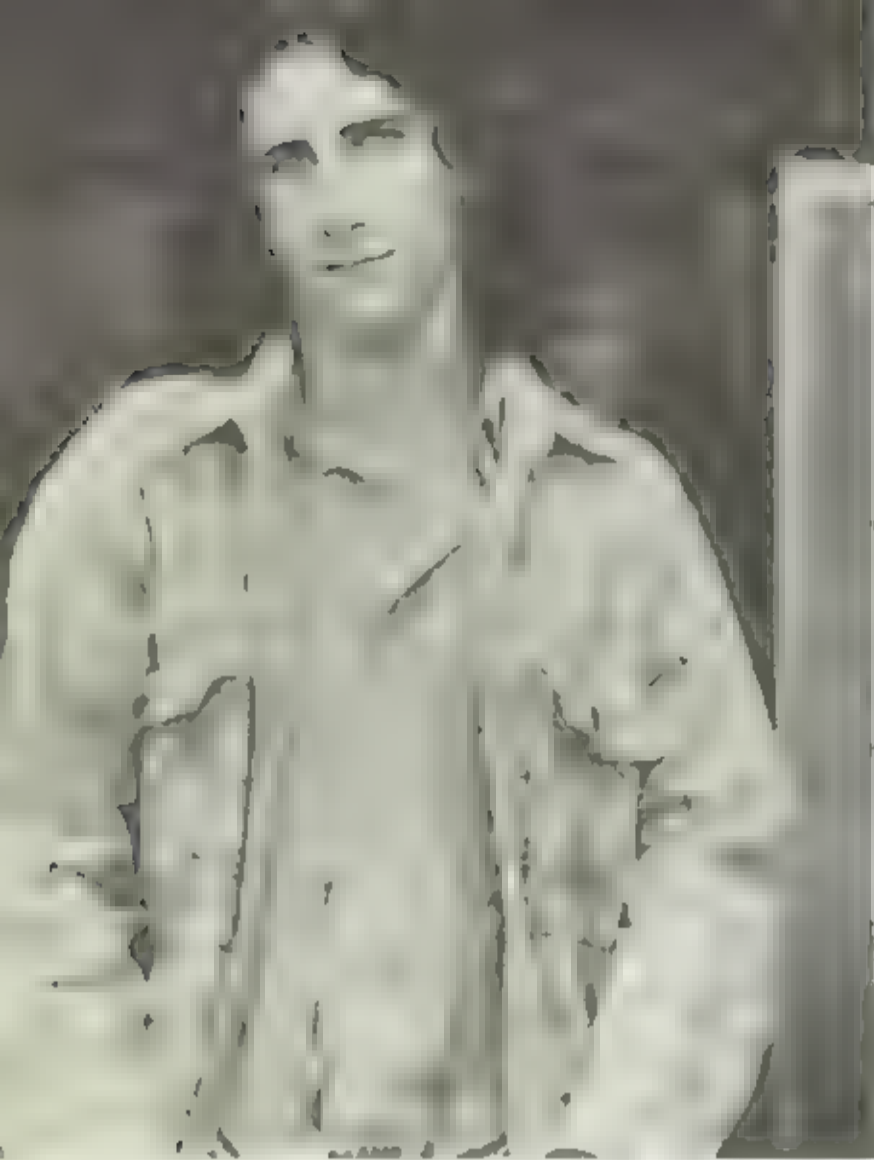


Tom McGillicuddy

Feeling alone
the army's up the road
salvation at a mode and
a cup of tea.
Aqualung my friend
don't start away uneasy
you poor old sod
you see it's only me.

— Jethro Tull





Richard James McKeown

"Dick" "Rick" "Crazy Joe Bonano" "Mac"

Varsity Football III, II, Varsity Basketball I, (co-capt.) Varsity Baseball V, IV, III, II, I (CAPT.) Glee Club IV, III, II, (President) I, (DIRECTOR) Drama Club II, I (President) Outing Club III, I (Head Scout) Debating Society II, Tripod IV, III, II, I. Class President VI, V, IV, III, Latin Deuters II, I French Deuters I, Rolling Nazis II, Art Award II English Prize IV, Cum Laude Society I, Fowler Prizes, Intramural Wrestling Championships, Honorary Trusteeships, Canada, Europe, Beaver Brook . . .



We could tell Dick was going to be different right from the day we discovered that he was wearing fake ties in the sixth class 'till last March when he dared enter the old school halls with a new shag haircut we knew we had a friend in Crazy Joe. He's been the rare combination of athlete, student, artist, and all round good guy. Always good for a story or funny line MAC helped these six years seem like four (Well, No more than five, eh Joe). And yet he never once let slip his superior academic and athletic record (Nor, for that matter, his record with the ladies, the rascal?). One of the feared Rolling Nazis in Football during his Junior year, Rick decided to devote his Senior fall to Basketball when he was offered the co-captaincy of the Varsity squad. It looks as though life is going to be a pathway paved with gold for Dick. An asset to every organization he joined he has gained the lasting respect and friendship of all who knew him. We understand he plans to study in Connecticut next year, but no matter where he goes he's bound to do well, and excel. We can't say enough so we'll say just one thing more, we're gonna miss you Crazy Joe.



there is a road
no simple hiway
between the dawn
and the dark of nite.
and if you go
no one may follow
that path is for
your steps alone.

— The Grateful Dead

Henri
Millon





David M. Modest





One day ago a
crazy dream
came to me I
dreamt I was
walking in
World War III

Went to the
doctor the
very next day
to see what
kind of words
he could say:
Said it was a
bad dream —



"I wouldn't worry about it
though them old dreams are
only in your head."



Robert Stuart Reese

Tip
coup de gras

Everything is different
but nothing has changed

We must not give our hearts
to our troubles.

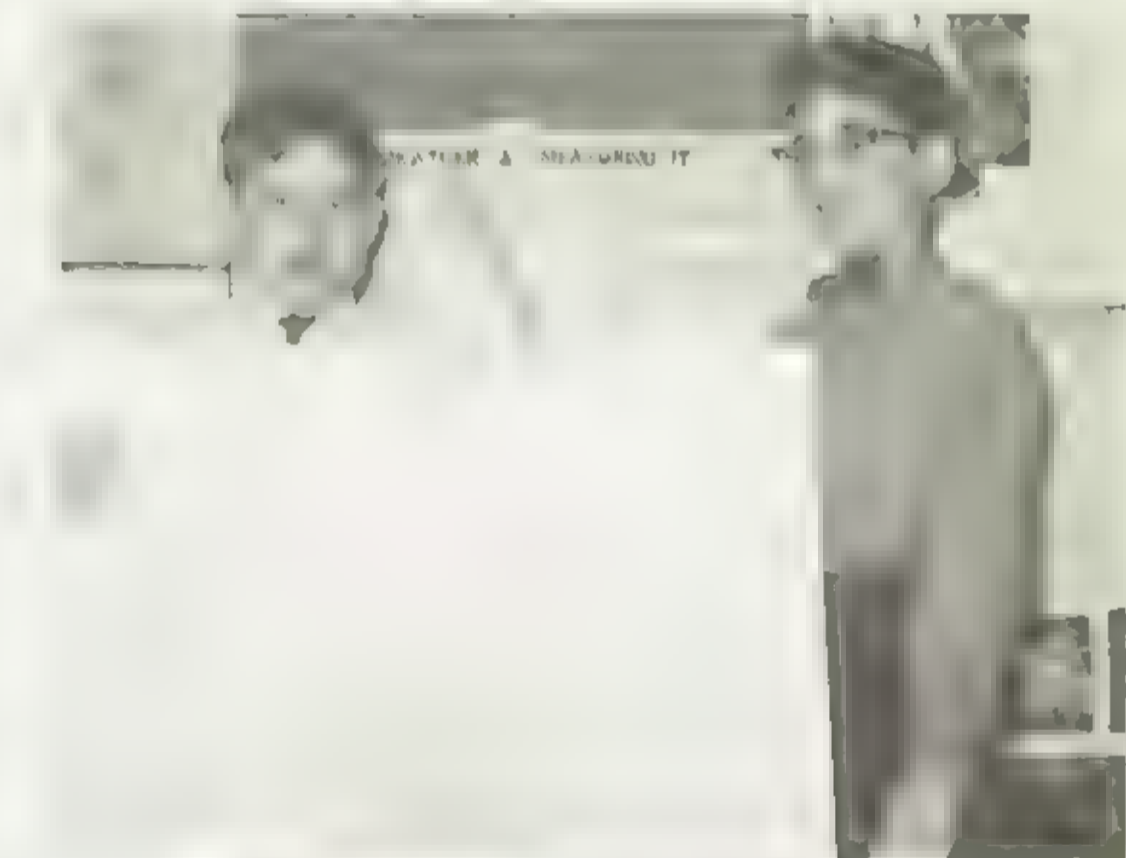
We shall get nowhere
by being vexed,

O Bacchus. The best remedy
is for us to have brought
and get drunk.

— Alcaeus



Stephen Clayton Saris



Some kids may try to sum up 6 years at RL on two pages of this yearbook. I would if I could, but I can't so I won't: I've had some good times and I wish everybody the best of luck.



Ty
Richardson





Keep your sunny side up, up . . .
Hide the side that gets blue
And if you have nine sons
in a row
Baseball teams make money,
you know.
So keep your sunny side up, up
Let your laughter come
through, do.
Stand up on your legs
Be like two fried eggs
Keep your sunny side up.

— Mr. Natural



James D. Sidman



Quid rides? Mutato nomine de te fabula narrator.
— Horace

Why do you laugh? Just change the name, and the tale is told of you.



Who wants to
blow my joint
who wants to
split the scene
who wants to
find the point
where gods don't
seem so mean

I want to ease
up tight
and get off all
you need
shootin fire at
night
and climax's
guaranteed

You are awake when I
am at hand — I am near
I am here . . .

You can sleep when I
am not —

pleasant dreams,
little child of the
sun and the wind . . .

Steven Silverstein





plation of this world beckoned like a liberation . . .

Albert Einstein

Jim Wolper

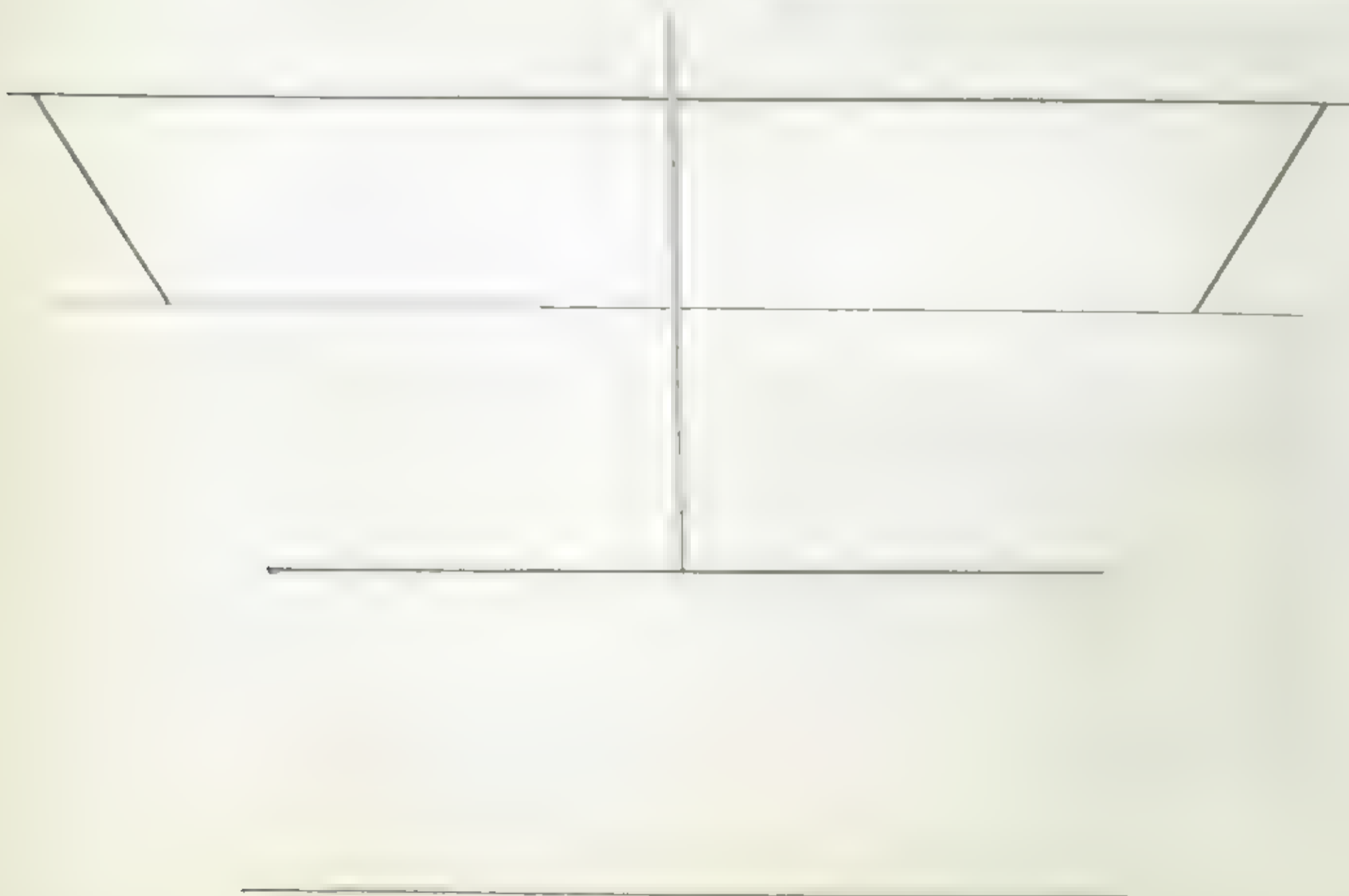


“live to eat —
don’t eat to live!”



Everything in the world is strange
and marvelous to well-opened eyes.

— Jose Ortega y Gasset



C O L L E G E S

Frederick Walter Arscott
 Lawrence Arthur Backman
 Andrew William Bender
 Walter John Berry
 Peter Avery Boling
 Richard Douglas Carroll
 William Peter Collatos
 Charles Philip Curley
 Robert Laurence Don
 Dennis Stanely France
 John Vincent Gandolfo
 Edward Raymond Gates
 Raymond Weldon Gibbs, Jr.
 Paul Scott Harrigan
 James Wesley Hill
 Gregory John Jackmauh
 David Peter John
 Stephen Neil Krasner
 Ronald Aaron Lake
 Charles David Lee, Jr.
 Claude Bernard Levesque
 David Emanuel Lewis
 Robert Frederick Maloof
 Philip Louis McCarthy
 Thomas Francis
 McGillicuddy, Jr.
 Richard James McKeown
 Henri Dees Millon
 David Michael Modest
 Robert Stuart Reese
 Maurice Howe Richardson 4th
 Stephen Clayton Saris
 James David Sidman
 Steven Louis Silverstein
 Douglas Keith SooHoo
 James Samuel Wolper

Georgetown University
 Brandeis University
 Harvard University
 Vassar College
 Amherst College
 Dartmouth College
 Harvard University
 Northwestern University
 Ithaca College
 Vassar College
 Dartmouth College
 Yale University
 Hampshire College
 Boston University
 Harvard University
 Harvard University
 Hamilton College
 Brown University
 Harvard University
 Columbia University
 Tufts University
 University of Mass.
 Boston University
 Dartmouth College

Colgate University
 Connecticut College
 University of Rochester
 University of Penn.
 Harvard University
 Harvard University
 Boston University Med.
 Vassar College
 (Year off in Israel)
 Union College
 Harvard University



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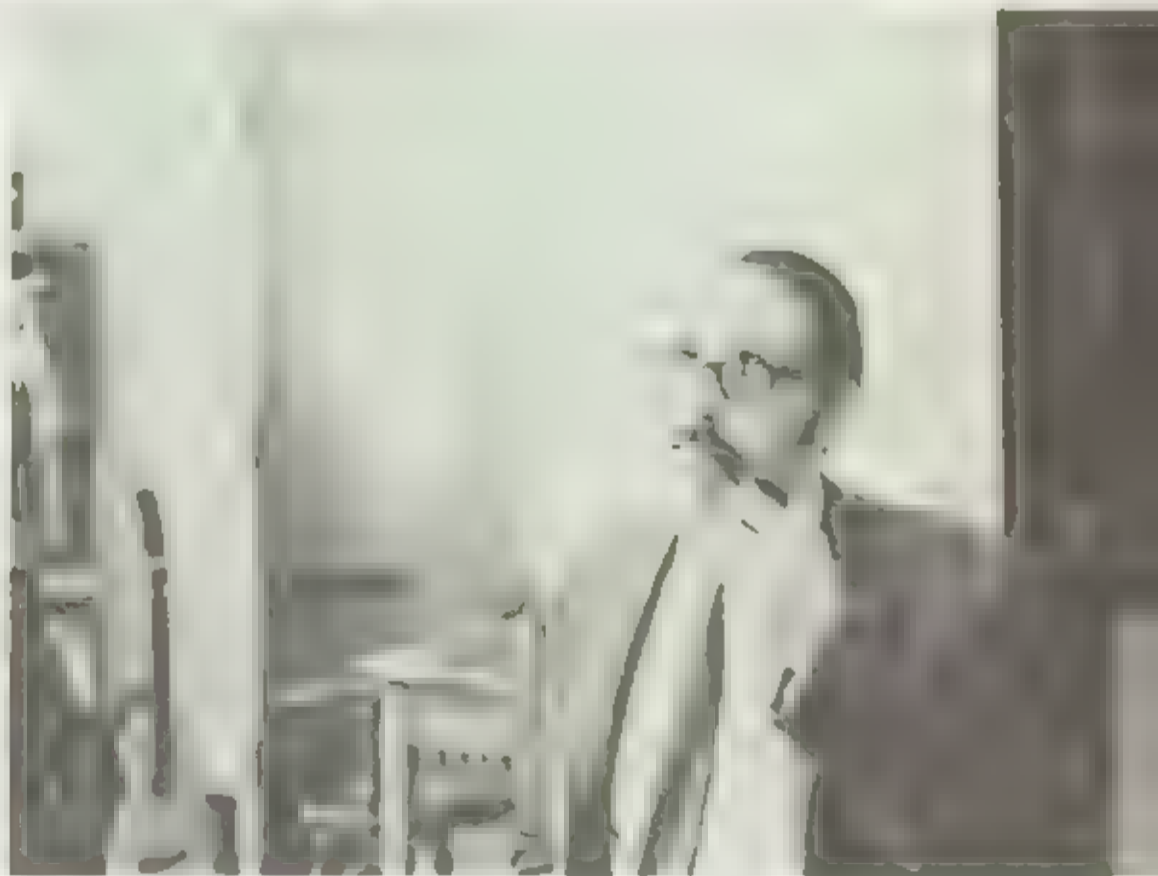
C

B

The members of this class wish to express special thanks to Mr. Tally. Aside from teaching French and coaching J.V. soccer, he is a friend of many of us. Known as "le grand homme rouge," on the soccer field, and "Uncle Bill" by his youth group at home, his numerous beer dashes, candlelight dinners, cookouts, and all-night orgiastic parties have become famous since a memorable winter eve during our tenth grade year. His easy going manner makes relaxed, honest conversation easy. He has opened both his home and his heart to us . . . Zut alors. Mes amis, je vois le Cafe des Deux Magots. Allons y.

Merci bien.













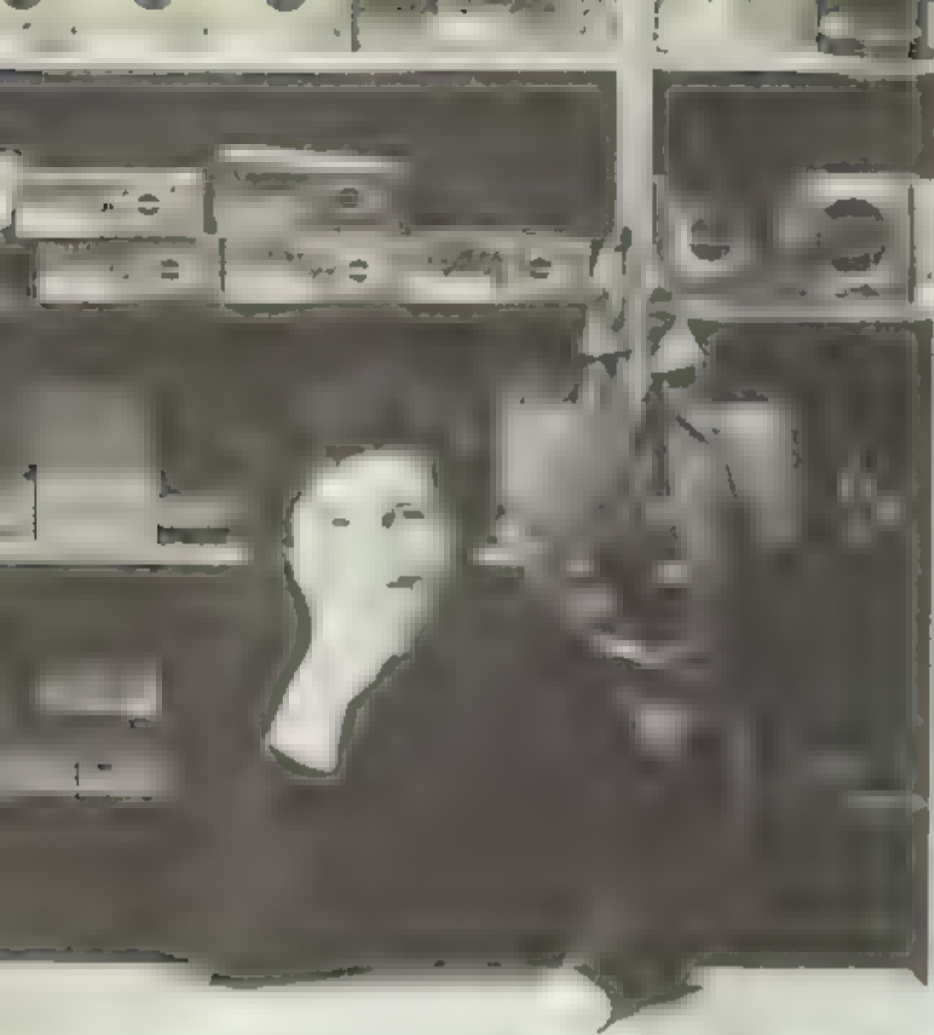




CLASS II:

Left to right: Driscoll, Shea, O'Donnell, Hutchins.

Absent at time of photo: Armen, Arscott, Atwood, Bender, Buckley, Buman, Callanan, Canniff, Charif, Freeman, Frisard, Fuller, Golding, Kaplan, LeBlanc, Linsky, Lynch, Manns, McIlghe, Murphy, Murray, Plakas, Power, Prunt, Regan, Reynolds, Ritchie, Rowland, Shapiro, Sprenger, Sterling, Storella, Walker, Wolk, Yablonski, Zuno.



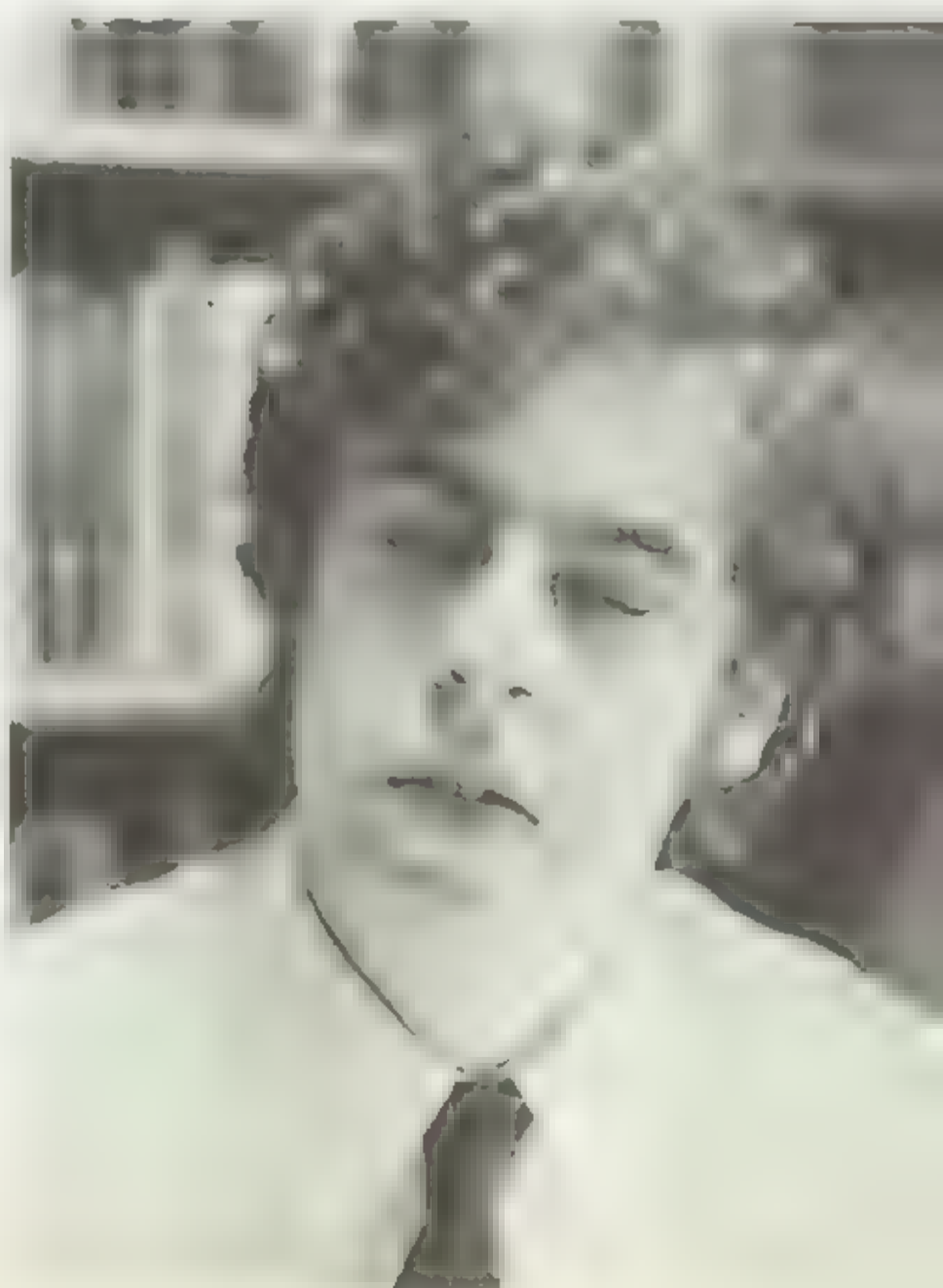
Of course we got 'em in magnesium, but don't run too fast



Yeah, but I'm proud of it



Honest guys anything we're short I'll make up out of my own pocket



I'm not sleeping I'm reading my book under the table



There was once a twin brother named Bright
Who could travel much faster than light.
He departed one day, in a relative way,
And came home on the previous night.





I'll make you an offer you can't resist



a rare combination



Marry me!



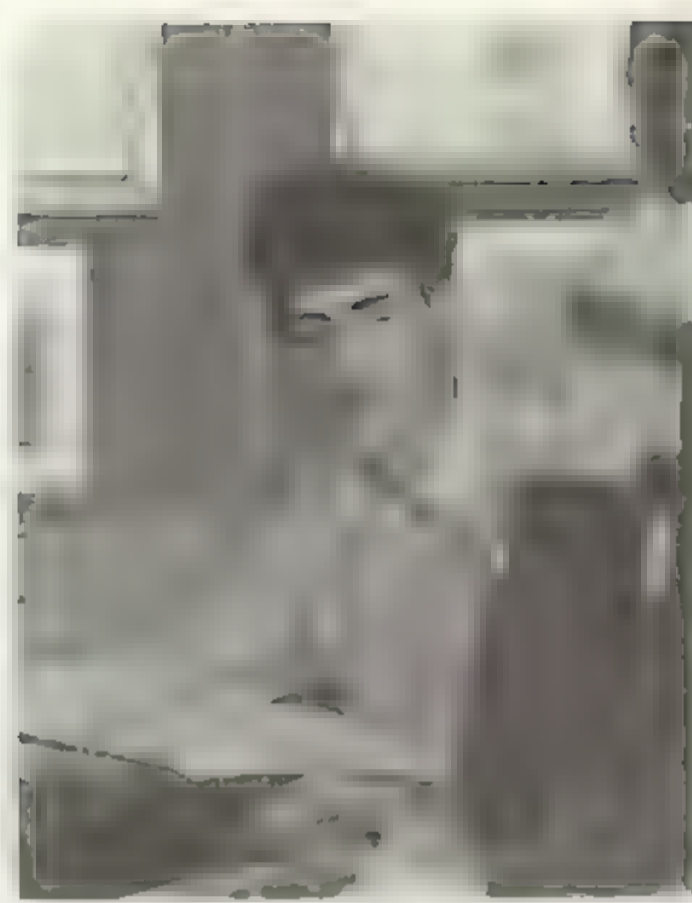
ring around the collar?

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life. — Berthold Auerbach



All greased up and ready to kick ass





. thus — well ya know I mean like, conversation — conversing with people is a necessary form of interaction. It's — learning is — well not all this so called community theory but — well yeah it *is* really. Anyway it is conversation that is the source of — part of sharing learning. The relevance of education depends on schools are — but classes can't *always* provide a stimulating intellectual environment — People aren't always gonna be super eloquent, lucid, or — academicians. I mean otherwise you can go *bananas*.



Mark Twain said, "I have never let my schooling interfere with my education." To get the two to co-operate, that is the trick. So we will just have to be magicians. With our imagination and creative abilities, we must conjure up a community in which we can share a love of learning. A community in which we can commit ourselves to helping each other grow as individuals. As such, RL has tremendous potential. There are many opportunities for increasing the diversity of experience. The school can stimulate and support interests, including those which cannot be followed well within the school: e.g. ISP; Beaverbrook, Leaving school for six weeks to campaign; Open campus; Utilizing the resources of Boston. And of course some of our greatest resources are to be found within the school — ourselves.

However, we still have far to go. Each individual must seek his own sense of commitment and contribution. Lewis Carrol's 'Mock Turtle' referred to education as including, "ambition, distraction, uglification, and derision." Hopefully we will be able to say, "motivation, initiative, imagination, and sharing."



McGovern??? . . . Why can't I get the nomination?







When prehistoric man first lifted his shaggy hands off the ground and stood erect, the human race was in for trouble. People have been complaining of backaches ever since. — Time



Drama Club

THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN

CAST:

Old Martin . . .	Richard James McKeown, '72
Pizarro . . .	James Shea, '73
DeSoto	Robert Shapiro, '73
Valverde .	Philip Driscoll, '73
Diego de Trujillo	Laurence Golding, '73
Salinas .	Steven Ehrenberg, '74
Rodas	Michael Astrue, '74
Young Martin	Charles Shapiro, '74
Felipillo	Ronald Lake, '72
Vasca	Daniel Steigman, '74
Domingo	Stephen Linsky, '73
Juan	Richard Sears, '74
Pedro	Daniel Wolk, '73
De Nizza	Arhe Sterling, '73
Estete	Kevin Leonard, '74
De Candia	Richard Sprenger, '73
Atahualpa	Brian Freeman, '73
Villac Umu	Christopher Carolan, '73
Challouchima	Constantine Hutchins, '73
Manco	John Kaufman, '74
Indians:	
Walter Bender, '73	Christopher Dilworth, '76
William Berkowitz, '75	Tristan Bernard, '74
Laurence Lessard, '75	Steshen O'Hearn, '75
A Chieftain . .	Michael LeBlanc, '73
Inti-Coussi	Abby Zimberg, '73
Oello	Jane Levine, '73

STAGE AND PROPERTIES

Theodore Armen, '73
 Walter Bender, '73
 Chris Buckley, '73
 Donald Murray, '73
 Philip O'Donnell, '73
 William Walker, '73

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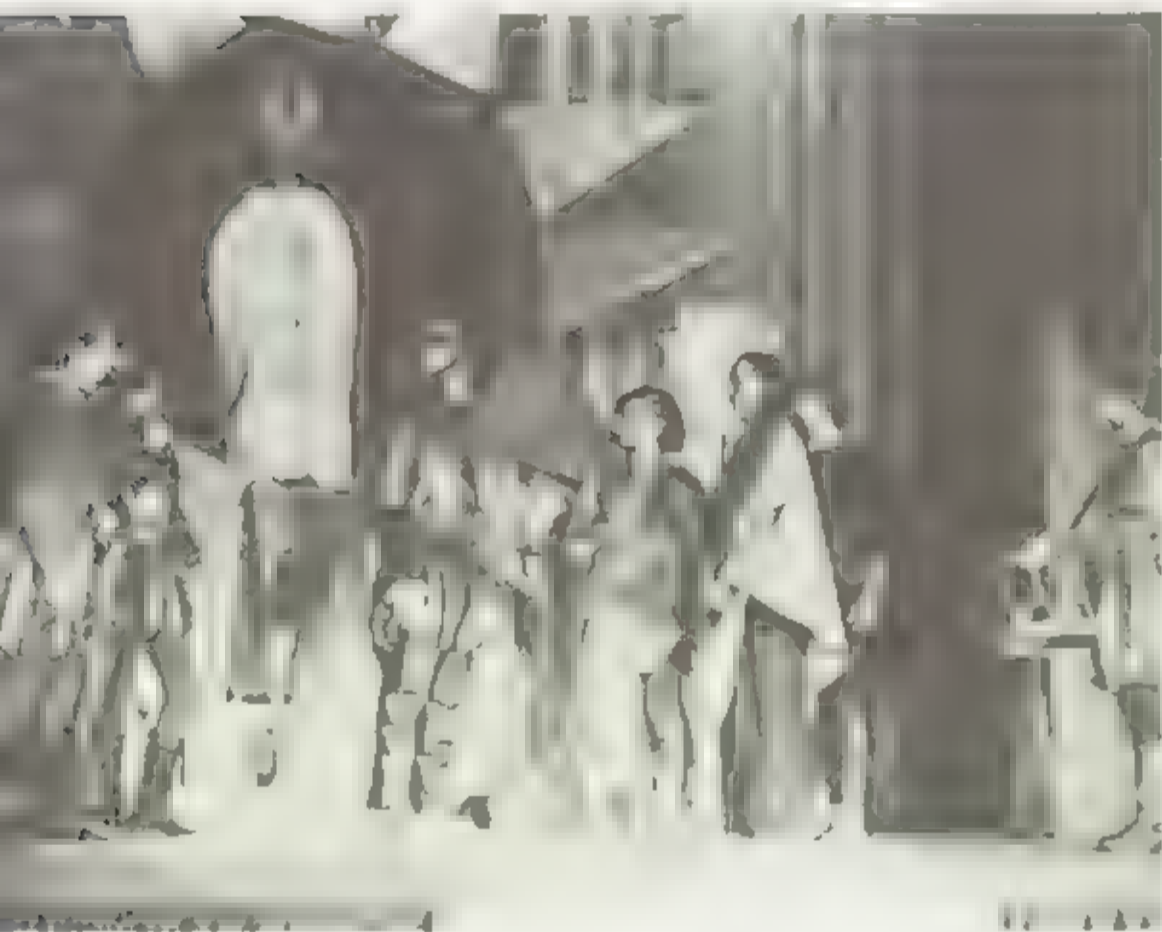
John Canniff, '73
 Thomas McGillicuddy, '72
 Harold Murphy, '73
 Joseph Bulian, '73
 Christopher Dowd, '74
 Philip Dunn, '74
 Christopher Haydon, '73
 John Kennedy, '75

Director: Mr. E. Robert M. Yerburch
 Asst. to Director: Philip Curley, '72
 Andrew Manns, '73

Choreographer: Mr. Richard Pines
 (Emerson College, '72)
 Peruvian Costumes: Brian Freeman, '73
 Masks: Terry Power, '73



Old Martin: So it was that Atahualpa came to Christ . . .
 De Nizza: I baptize you Juan de Atahualpa, in honor of John the Baptist, whose sacred day this is.
 Valverde: And may Our Lord and His angels receive your soul with joy!
 Soldiers: Amen!
 Atahualpa: INTI! INTI! INTI!
 Valverde: What does he say?
 Pizarro: The Sun. The Sun. The Sun.
 Valverde: Kill him!



You must not rob, O little finch.
 The harvest maize, O little finch.
 The trap is set, O little finch.
 To seize you quick, O little finch.

Ask that black bird, O little finch.
 Nailed on a branch, O little finch.
 Where is her heart, O little finch.
 Where are her plumes, O little finch.

She is cut up, O little finch.
 For stealing grain, O little finch.
 See, see the fate, O little finch.
 Of robber birds, O little finch.

Old Martin: So fell Peru. We gave her greed, hunger and the Cross: three gifts for the civilized life. The family groups that sang on the terraces are gone. In their place slaves shuffle underground and they don't sing there. Peru is a silent country, frozen in advance. So fell Spain, gorged with gold; distended; now dying.



Glee Club



Mr. Farris' work really began to show as he directed the most musically proficient Glee Club he has had during his five years at the school. There were a number of concerts throughout the year including performances of Bach's Magnificat at Christmas and Foure's Requiem during the spring. Within the club there were also smaller groups. Ed Gates, Ty Richardson, Steve Silverstein, and Dean Plakias made up a barbershop quartet which added a little variety to each concert. The quartet was joined by Bob Reese, John Reynolds, Dave John, and Billy Collatos to make up an octet which also performed throughout the year.

The Glee Club continued to be the most wordly school activity again this year, touring Montreal and Quebec for one week during spring vacation. About thirty girls from neighboring schools including Beaver, Winsor, and Brimmer and May joined the club making a combined chorus of about 70 people. After practicing for two months on Sunday afternoons and performing a successful music night to raise funds, the group sang five times in Canada and then one final time at Symphony Hall during a Boston Pops concert. The trip went very well, as the music was augmented by a number of wild times and a few new-found romances. The members of the club want to thank Mr. Farris for his ambitious direction of the club, and probably the best co-ed experience the school has offered. See you in Russia.







F O O t b a l l

The Boston Herald Traveler characterized first year coach Bob Ryan's club as a team which would "throw and pray," for they said, "you can't be outstanding every year." Well, Coach Ryan, along with assistant coaches "little" John Ryan and Peter Murphy, must have worked a little magic, as it probably appeared to many, in order to put together a football team with the kind of record it turned in. This ball club, whose linemen were always heard saying, "we may not be big, but we're slow," had five wins against supposedly superior teams — Brooks, St. Sebastians, Portsmouth Abbey, Noble and Greenough, and St. Georges, and lost only two, a close game to an inspired Rivers team, and a mutually ragged game to underdog Browne and Nichols. (Note: Had the RL team been able to achieve at least a competent brand of football against B&N, to win, they would have shared the Private School League title for the second year in a row, for it turned out that no private school went undefeated in '71.)

Although one often hears, and is sure to many more times, that football is truly a team effort, and the outcome of a game is determined by how the team worked together, it is less often that you find every member of a team ascertaining such an apparent truism. But those who were among the RL Foxes in '71 can appreciate the meaning of team unity, and will surely see their name spelled out in these lines of praise for this club. The Foxes football team was so successful, not because of blazing talent at any one position, a person who could carry the team through games, but because each person's commitment to working hard, and sacrificing his own desires for the goals of the team. They were a dedicated gang to watch play, boys with a lot of heart, and each got his personal gratification by being part of a team that was a great success.

We wish the best of luck to the Foxes in years to come.

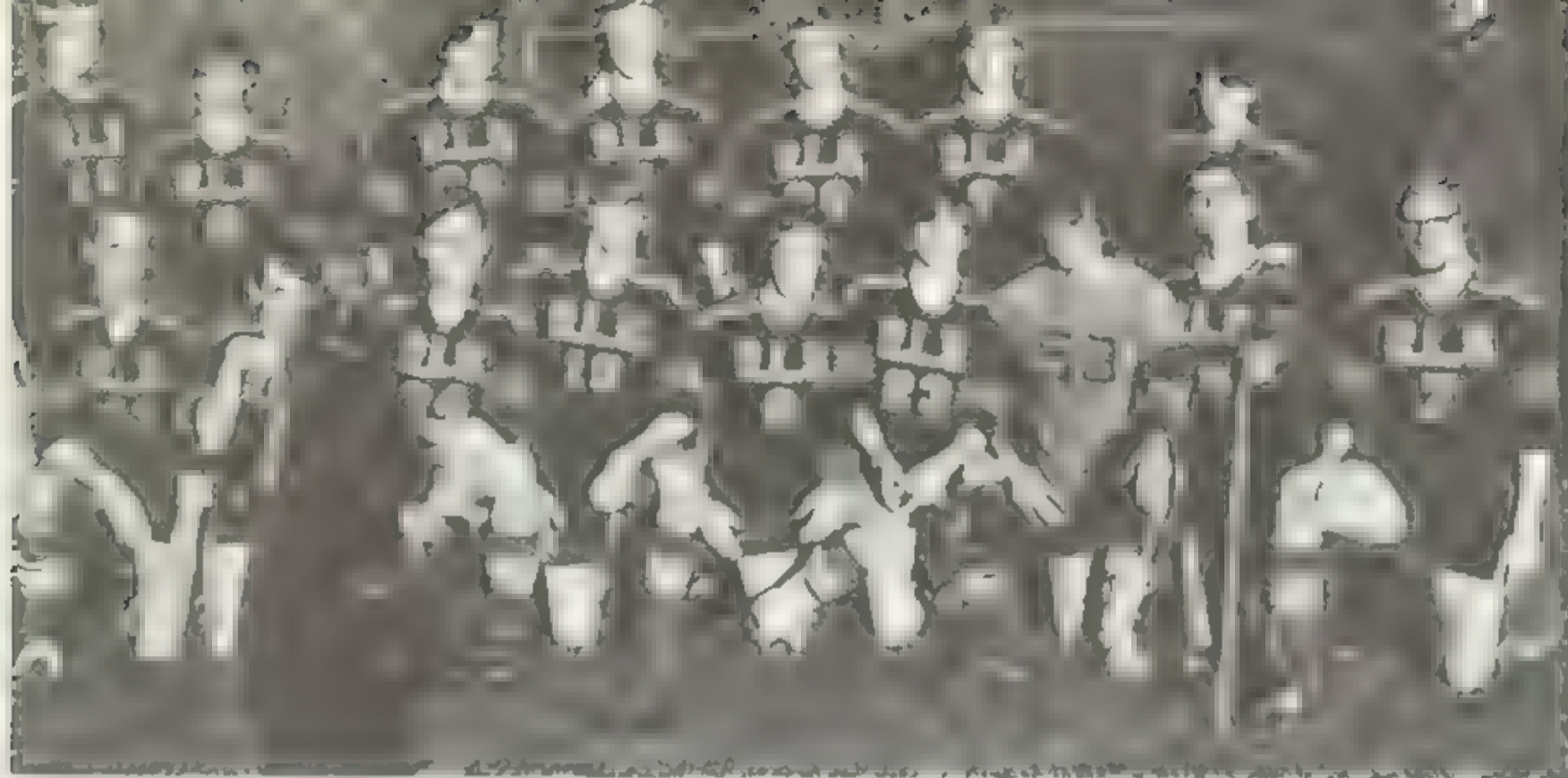




RECORD

RL	16	Brooks	0
RL	34	St. Sebastians	6
RL	24	Portsmouth Abbey	8
RL	22	Nobles	19
RL	14	St. Georges	8
RL	12	Rivers	19
RL	8	Browne & Nichols	12





Soccer





RECORD

RL	1	Rivers	3
RL	1	Governor Dummer	0
RL	2	Tabor	6
RL	0	Belmont Hill	4
RL	2	Commonwealth	2
RL	0	St. Marks	3
RL	4	Alumni	0
RL	4	Nobles	3
RL	0	Brooks	2
RL	3	Middlesex	2
RL	0	Milton	2
RL	0	Browne & Nichols	2

Tougher competition was the goal as Coach Schlosser planned the '72 season, joining the Gummere Cup league, and adding four top notch teams to last year's schedule. The team, including eleven seniors, met its first league opponents, Governor Dummer on a sunny Family Day. It was a tight defensive game, especially so in the first half when fullback Larry Backman severely sprained his ankle. R. L. took control of the game in the second half, scoring the only goal, and starting our league record undefeated at 1-0. After a very muddy three game losing streak, and considerable experimentation with exotic formations, two titans, R. L. and Nobles, met to decide who would dwell in the league cellar. The lead in the game changed. After losing the next game, the team decided to reverse its losing trend and was really up for the Middlesex game. With "le grand homme rouge" (Mr. Tally) subbing for Coach Schlosser, and trainer Dave Modest in tow, we played our best game of the season. Using the timeless 4-3-3 formation, and putting all of our coaching and individual efforts together for once, we upset Middlesex 3-2, scoring in the last forty seconds. A pair of disappointing 2-0 losses, including one against underdog B. & N. (the worst game of the season) closed out the year of the "two minute" offense leaving us in seventh place out of ten teams. If nothing else, we certainly learned to maintain a sense of humor. Peter Boling, with ten goals, tied the school record for most goals in a season, and co-captain Tom McGillicuddy was awarded all-league honors. Seniors on the team included Backman, Boling, Curley, Levesque, Lewis, Maloof, McGillicuddy, Milton, Modest, Reese, and Saris.

Good luck to Coach Schlosser and next year's co-captains Joe Bulhian and Andy Manns.

Wrestling



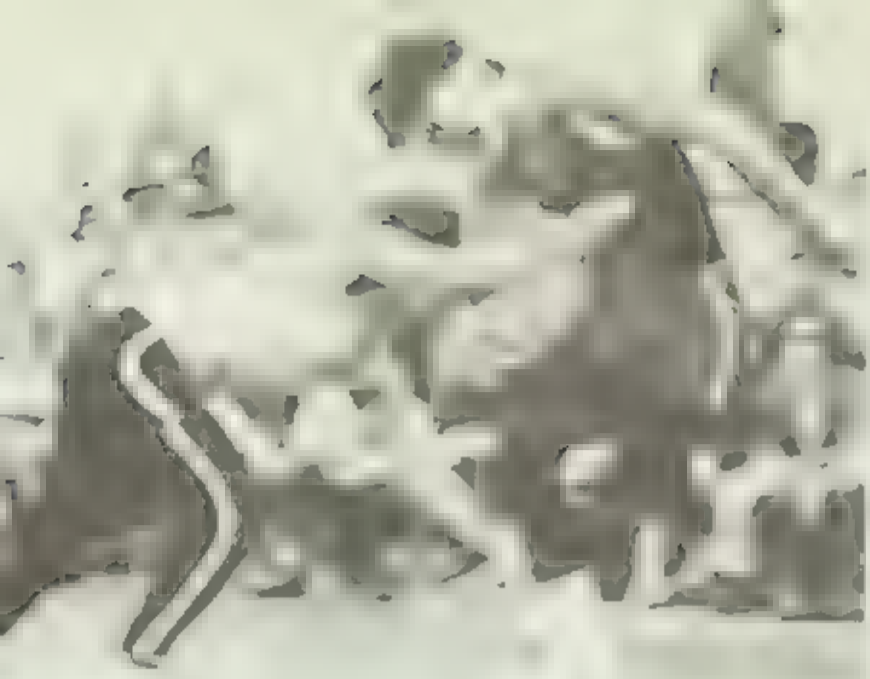
The R. L. wrestling team, under the direction of their dynamic coach, Bob Ryan, captured the league championship for the third consecutive year, retiring the cup, and setting a Graves-Kelsey tournament record with 100 1/2 points. To the horror of the other teams there were no weak spots, except for the unlimited class which R. L. could not fill. Our team, which had been the first to produce the "freaked out" looking wrestler two years ago, returned this year stronger and more together than ever. Six experienced seniors, who had been the heart of the two previous championship teams were joined by some experienced underclassmen, and a few newcomers, making the team the most powerful in R. L.'s history. The finals of the tournament appeared to be R. L. S. vs. the all-stars, as ten R. L. people placed, and five won at individual weights.

Alvin Powell in the 110 lb. class and Toby Dilworth at 121 lbs. became regular starters this year, both having very successful seasons, and placing fourth in their weight classes. Phil Dunn had another great season, capturing the 115 lb. championship and defeating the one person who had beaten him during the season in the finals of the tournament. Doug SooHoo, who came out after the season had begun, wrestled at 127 lbs., and performed consistently well, plugging a hole in the lineup.

The middle weights were the most powerful, starting off with Ty Richardson who wrestled at 133 lbs. Ty became the first person in the history of the school to win the Graves-Kelsey three years in succession, and he was awarded the second outstanding-wrestler trophy of his career at the conclusion of the tournament. Claude Levesque, after placing fourth, third and second in previous years, had a great day and won the 138 lb. class. Scott Harrigan, a past winner of the Graves-Kelsey, and a five year starter on the varsity, lost a tough finals match 8-7 and took second place at 145 lbs. Scott had a chance for revenge the following week, though, when he defeated the same person in the finals of the New England's and was named the outstanding wrestler of the tournament. Ed Gates at 152 lbs. remained the only undefeated wrestler on the team and easily won his weight class.

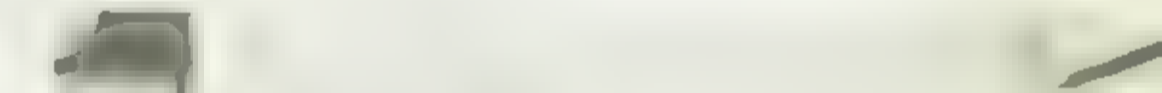
Billy Collatos surprised everybody when he returned after a three year absence to have a really good season and take second place at 160 lbs. Dave John, the originator and first winner of the comeback award, lived up to our expectations as he completed a fine year by winning the 167 lb. class. Andy Bender, an all-round-athlete-turned-wrestler, continued to practice his unique defensive style and took second place at 177 lbs.

Next year's team has a hard act to follow as eight out of eleven starters are graduating. We are confident that Coach Ryan will do a good job with those people moving up to the varsity, and if worse comes to worse at least they'll have an enjoyable time being on the team.



R E C O R D

RL	24	Scituate	21
RL	26	Milton	30
RL	36	PCD	11
RL	31	Rivers	22
RL	32	St. Georges	11
RL	24	St. Marks	2
RL	33	Belmont Hill	15
RL	51	Nobles	15
RL	36	Brooks	15
RL	34	Browne & Nichols	15
RL	49	Lawrence	12



Basketball





After the first game of the season with Rivers, the basketball players, under the leadership of first year coach Fred Dill and his assistant Kevin Sharkey, were left scratching their heads trying to determine if those marks up there really sneaker imprints. This hoop club lost its first game against Rivers, for the first time since they took down the peach baskets, by an embarrassing margin. This inexperienced team set out after Rivers, prepared for the worst, but determined to give it their best effort. They were pleasantly surprised for the first half of the season, winning eight games and losing only one other to Thompson Academy, a team which showed an excellent man to man defense.

During this period, the squad looked as if it would gel and become a going concern in the league. Unfortunately, the team lost an excellently played game to B&N by two points in the closing seconds, and a good game to St. Marks, the Prep School champs, in which RL came back from being down twenty to within six. For the remainder of the season the RL team played well against the good teams and horrendously against the bad, and managed to lose every one. When it came to the last game of the season, their record stood at eight and eight. The question on every basketball fans lips' (Jim Hill's father) was, "Would this be the first year since those peach baskets came down that the RL hoopsters would compile a losing record?" A collective sigh of relief was breathed as it was never in doubt when those RL ballplayers buzzsawed Governor Dummer to finish to season at a respectable 9 wins and eight losses. It was a good learning experience for all, both coaches (right Mr. Dill?), players (right Jack), and fans (you have to learn to love a team that can look like just so many bams sometimes). We are confident that Coach Dill will do his best to perpetuate the RL basketball tradition.

Good luck Coach.



RECORD

Rivers over RL (score not available)

RL	62	Christian	43
RL	64	Milton	51
RL	55	St. Marks	66
RL	60	PCD	42
RL	54	B&N	56
RL	60	Thayer	33
RL	63	Nobles	49

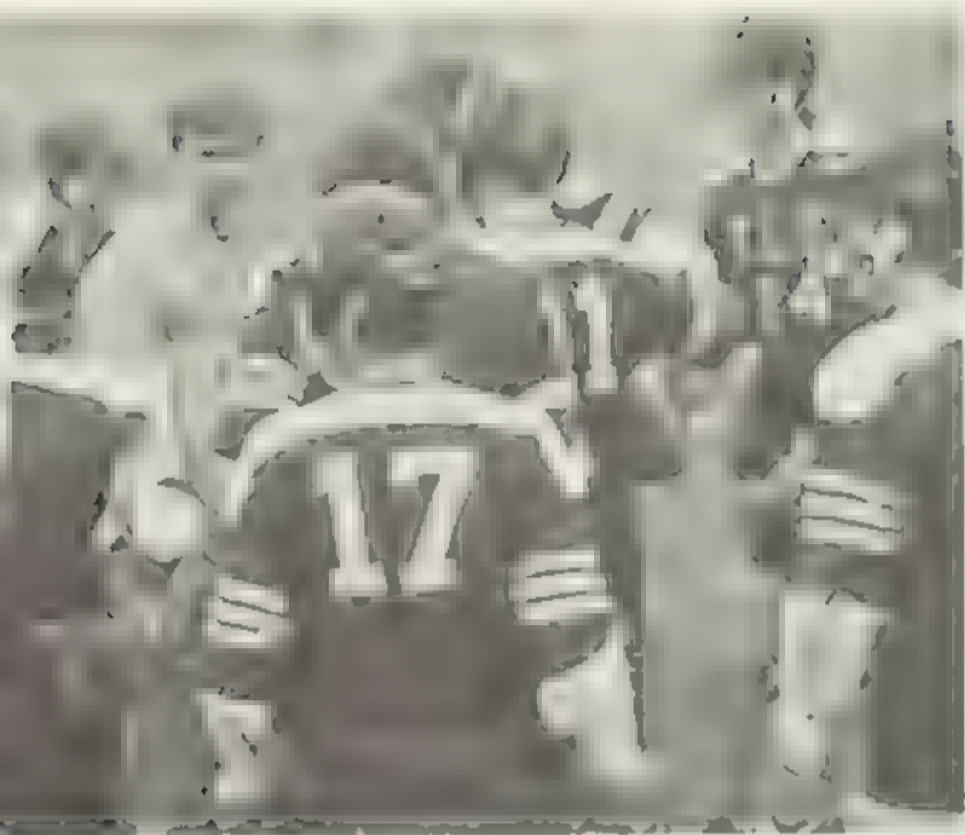
RL over Lawrence (score not available)

RL	47	Belmont Hill	40
RL	79	St. Sebastians	76
RL	41	Groton	53
RL	59	Thompson	66
RL	59	Middlesex	63
RL	38	Brooks	43
RL	53	St. Pauls	64
RL	71	Governor Dummer	60
			81



Lacrosse

The lacrosse team started off with an explosion, decisively winning its first three games to no one else's surprise, except that of co-captain Greg Jackmauh who was sidelined with an ankle injury. The fourth game was with arch rival St. Marks, and the presence of a certain Mr. D once more proved to be detrimental to the team's efficiency, although he wasn't the sole detractor. Among other things, the fateful wave of injuries which had loomed over the last three Roxbury power houses, finally landed Greg Jackmauh was back for St. Marks, but he was only at minimum efficiency. Dave John, their midfield, and or defenseman, had severely separated his clavicle and, under doctor's orders not to play, was also suited up. The team had lost a former starting defenseman in Mike LeBlanc due to bronchitis, and Bill Walker (starting defenseman) had a torn up knee. Despite all this adversity, the R.L. squad made a game of it with St. Marks, but eventually lost in the rain. The next adversary was Newton High, one of the most powerful teams in New England. After getting blown off the field in the first half, the decisively smaller R.L. club outscrapped the Newton bad guys to hold them scoreless (mostly due to great goal tending by co-captain Ed Gates) and score five goals themselves in the second half. But surely it was the old tale of too little and too late, for R.L. lost in the final decision. Excellent lacrosse was played against Moses Brown with Roxbury coming out on top, and the M.I.T. Frosh were also thumped. The R.L. players met Rivers in a typically physical game. Again, the more fragile Latin sticksters seemed unprepared for the Rivers onslaught, and found themselves trailing badly in the first half. After a scoreless third quarter R.L. began to forge back, to the astonishment of the Redmen, tying it all up by the game's end. Rivers spoiled the picturebook comeback, winning it in overtime by one goal. The stars of that game, though, had to have been Dave John, for initiating the comeback by scoring from the defense position, and Wayne Van Orman, who contributed a hat trick. The R.L. boys were dauntless, though, winning their next and final game against a determined club from Nobles to finish off an exciting season with a good record — 6 wins and 3 losses. We know that Groton will soon be on our schedule, and hope that Mr. Davey will have some better luck with St. Marks, now that the hex is lifted.



RECORD

RL	5	Brookline High	3
RL	9	Milton	6
RL	11	PCD	3
RL	5	St. Marks	7
RL	6	Newton High	9
RL	9	MIT Freshmen	5
RL	9	Moses Brown	6
RL	8	Rivers	9
RL	6	Nobles	3

Baseball



The RL baseball team pulled together and put together the finest season in the era of Coach Chauncey. After losing two of their first three games, they came back to win six of their last seven, falling just short of the league title with a seven and three record.

The record can be attributed to a fine blend of pitching, hitting, and fielding. Mr. Chauncey, if not the team, worked quite hard in getting it that way.

The RL stretch drive, beginning after the third game of the season, included two big come from behind victories against B&N and Nobles. A tough 2-1 loss to league leading Milton all but ended any title hopes. A big hitting attack, however, won the last game of the season over Belmont Hill, RL finishing in second place.

If one had looked at the team in its pre season form, a record of two and eight might have been predicted. For some reason, though, the players found some confidence and played just about as well as a team could have played, having the kind of season that they should have had the two previous years.

Good luck to Coach Chauncey and Capt. Chris Buckley.





RECORD			
RL	1	Governor Dummer	6
RI	4	St. Marks	0
RL	3	Groton	11
RL	6	Middlesex	0
RL	6	B & N	5
RL	6	Rivers	4
RL	1	Milton	2
RI	3	Brooks	1
RI	5	Nobles	4
RI	13	Belmont Hill	6





Winter Staff:

CLAUDE B. LEVESQUE

Summer Staff:

Ron Lake

Phil Curley

Dave Modest

The
Merry
Men



Led by:

Peter Boling

(alias: Captain Quadpack and his
Techni Croppers)

Constant Minority:

Tom McGillicuddy

Many thanks to the school and to all the others who bestowed their help upon us.




the decision making process

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yearbook office



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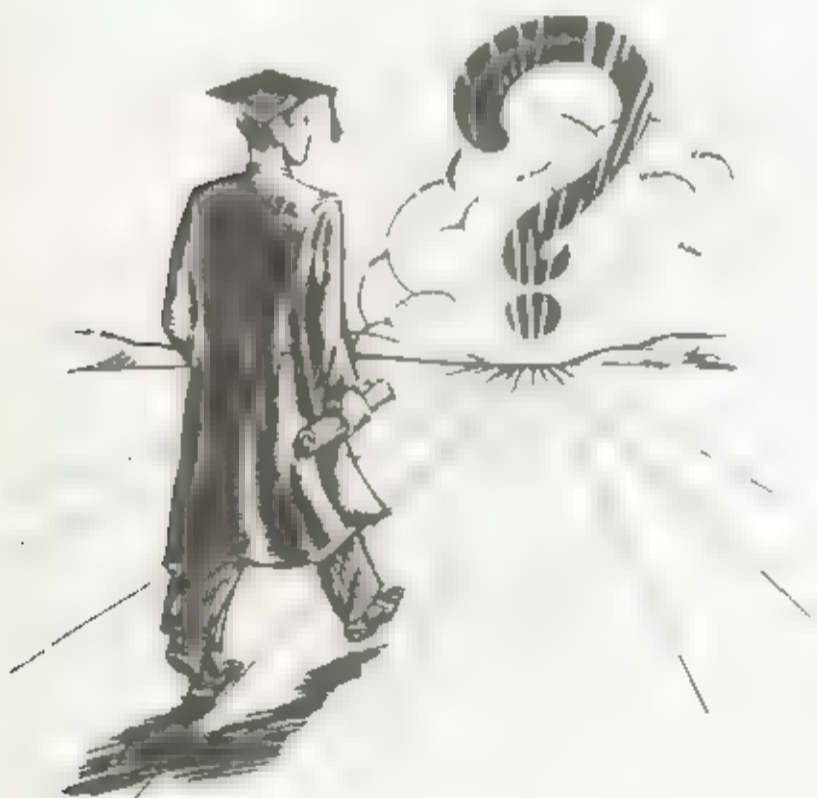
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whatever you might do,
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